

# Book News.

A new book by Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has been published by the Century company. It carries the simple title "Mr. Opp."

There are really two Mr. Opp—one, "the aggressive Mr. Opp" of the gorgeous raiment and the seal ring, the important man of business, the ambitious financier; the other, "the insignificant Mr. Opp," he of the shirt sleeves and the wilted pompadour, the delicate, sensitive, futile Mr. Opp who was incapable of everything but laying down his life for the sake of another.

He is a pathetically pretentious and grotesque figure, and his Cove City neighbors—and the reader—begin by laughing at him. But as the story carries him on his patient, brave, unselfish way, talking, always talking, fighting against heavy odds, putting aside ambition and love for the sake of a little, half-witted sister, his days one uncomplaining surrender of self and self's natural hopes and longings to the comforting and helping of those who have need, neighbor and reader come to honest respect and hearty admiration for Mr. Opp.

It is a sunny book, whimsically humorous, whimsically pathetic; and the unusual heart interest of the tale makes tender appeal to every heart. It is decidedly Mrs. Rice's best work—one thinks of Dickens as one reads—and through all the pages smiles and tears lie close together. Mr. Opp is worth knowing—for "there was that in the man—egotism, courage, whatever it was—that would never recognize defeat; that quality that wins out of a life of losing the final victory."

A second edition of J. J. Bell's book, "Oh! Christina," has been issued by the Fleming H. Revell company. This little volume was especially welcome to those who read "Wee MacGregor" of which it is the sequel. Mr. Bell's career commenced at Glasgow university, and he afterwards became editor of the University Magazine. In 1898 he joined the staff of Scott's Pictorial as assistant editor, and during this and the year following his two first books were published—"The New Noah's Ark" and "Jack of All Trades"—both volumes consisting of very clever jingling rhymes for children. Later followed "Wee MacGregor," last year "Thou Poet" and a few weeks ago with "Whither Thou Goest," which has already reached the third edition.



Christina—Wee MacGregor's Cousin.

The title of the new book by the Williamsons, just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is "Set in Silver." The name suddenly came to the authors one day as a description of England. They had got out of their automobile to have a picnic lunch on a down overlooking Portsmouth. The wonderful beauty of the view led one of them to quote to the other from "Richard II." about "This precious stone, set in the silver sea."

Maximilian Foster, the author of that charming novel of romantic mystery in present-day New York, recently published under the quaint title, "Corrie Who?" has had his first play, "The Whirlpool," produced. The opening night was April 26, and the place of the first presentation was Washington.

Bliss Carman, author of "Songs from Vagabondia," "More Songs from Vagabondia," and "Last Songs from Vagabondia," has accepted an invitation from the program committee of the Vermont Lake Champlain tercentenary commission to write the memorial poem for the public exercises for "Burlington Day," which will be held at Burlington on July 8.

Selections from the verses of the late Arthur Upson, whose death by drowning last August removed one of the most promising of American poets, were presented in the Babelot for March. Mr. Upson's poems, including his "Octaves in an Oxford Garden," "The City," and the romantic drama in blank verse, "The Tides of Spring," which Small, Maynard & Co. brought out shortly before his death, have gained a remarkably enthusiastic following among Americans who read poetry. The Upson memorial committee announces "The Complete Poems of Arthur Upson" in two volumes.

Camille Flammarion, whose study of "Mysterious Psychic Forces," as translated into English and published in this country, set the Anglo-Saxon world agog, has just started Paris by showing that the earth has heaving swells as the ocean, eight inches being the extent of the rise and fall of terra firma in every 24 hours. Critics point out that physicists and astronomers have known the fact for a long time, and that, if there is anything new about Flammarion's discovery, it is the statement of the amount of oscillation, which hitherto has baffled experimenters to determine. Flammarion ascribes the discovery to Hecker, the German astronomer.

The Road to Oz, by L. Frank Baum. The only new Baum book for 1909 will be unique in many ways in point of manufacture, at the same time coming up to the high standard set by Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz, Ozma of Oz, etc. There will be 100 humorous illustrations by John R. Neill and each chapter has a special pictorial heading. The Reilly & Briston Company of Chicago are the publishers.

The leading article in the Outing Magazine for May is entitled "The Sport of Flying," by Maximilian Foster. The article is a clear explanation of mechanical wrinkles which have resulted in man's practical conquest of the air. Dr. Woods Hutchinson's article on "Malaria" will be read with interest by everybody. Dillon Wallace continues his fascinating story of travel in Mexico in the feature entitled "The Peon and The Land." Other articles are: "The Battle With the Bugs," by E. P. Powell, a timely article on farming; "The Men Who Operate the Railroads," by Edward Hungerford; and Miss Agnes C. Laut's department, "Our National Heroes."

The short stories in the magazine are strong and worth while, and are as follows: "Shanahed," by Clarence E. Mulford; "Constable Smythe, N. W. M. P.," by Ralph D. Keeler, a story of the northwest mounted police; and "Dad Gowan," by C. L. Edholm, a story of the Arizona desert.

A new and revised edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare" has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. Since the appearance of the first edition in 1898, Lee's Shakespeare has been the recognized authority for the poet's career and private history. The new edition embodies all that has been added to our knowledge by the labors of Shakespeare scholars in the years which have intervened. To all students and lovers of the poet and his works, Mr. Lee's work is invaluable. Presenting as it does all the known facts of his life within a brief compass, it is both a readable biography and an indispensable reference work. The new edition merely increases and emphasizes the usefulness of a book long recognized as the standard in its field.

The Henry Altemus Company has just published a new book by James H. Collins, "The Human Nature in Selling Goods and in the Reminiscence of a traveling man."

Doubleday, Page & Company have just published a book of wide practical value entitled "Fireside Cooking," by Margaret J. Mitchell. The book contains clear and complete instructions how to cook food in the inexpensive fireless cooker, together with a large number of recipes that have been tested. The fireless cooker, of course, saves much in time and labor and does away with many inconveniences and discomforts. Miss Mitchell has aimed to make her book a complete and workable guide. The principle of fireless cooking is that of the hay-box. Food brought to the boiling point can be put in the box and left to cook itself. When you take it out it's

"done." "Fireless Cooking" tells you, too, how long different things are to be left in the box.

Writing from Rome to a friend in America, Rudyard Kipling says that the Wrights are ahead of his story "With the Night Mail," the date of which is 2000 A. D. Mr. Kipling, by the way, wrote supplementary matter for this story in the way of Aerial Regulations, Answers to Correspondents, Book Reviews, and Advertisements supposedly taken from a magazine of the same future date. But already the London Times has published twice a full page of actual advertisements of Dirigible and Flying Machines.

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"Do you think he suspects anything, mum?"

"No a thing—not a blessed thing," replied Mrs. Bowser.

When we finished dinner and went up to the sitting room I saw more signs, but still I said nothing. Mrs. Bowser would have it, if she were writing this, that I stomped and stormed around and shouted "Woman!" at her, but thank Heaven, it's my turn at last. I was reading and smoking when I noticed her hitching around uneasily, and pretty soon she softly said:

"When we were ready to retire for the night Mrs. Bowser innocently inquired if I had seen the sun rise this spring. I replied in the negative, and she suggested that I get up two hours earlier than usual to witness the performance. I expressed myself as delighted. She wanted to work me out of the house two hours sooner, in order to make a long day of it. Plain as the nose on your face, and yet I never let on that I saw it. I was routed out at daylight, and saw the milk-wagons. Also saw the sun rise. Very interesting. He rose as easily as if he had been used to it all his life."

Had a scratch breakfast.

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So was mine. She talked about the Italian earthquake, and I about Roosevelt in Africa.

She was all in a flutter as to how she could work me out of the house, but I solved the problem by saying that I would walk to the office for change and smoke my morning cigar on the way. As she closed the front door on my heels she seemed to be a very happy woman. All this, and yet she has said in the papers that I was a bulldozer!

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They then tackled the big brass bed in the spare room. There wasn't the slightest reason why it should be moved, but if I had had my say it would have come down as lightly as a feather and within two minutes. I dote upon taking down bedsteads, as it was the head-piece fell on Mrs. Bowser and the foot-piece on the cook, and when they recovered consciousness spring had advanced by twenty rods. I do not smile as I write of the calamity. Very interesting. I laid there and talked in six different languages, while poor Mrs. Bowser could only talk in one.

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"Spring has come for sure, Mr. Bowser, but I do not think I shall clean house."

"No, I wouldn't."

"We had the carpets up last fall, you know."

"Yes, dear."

"You won't mind if I let the cleaning go, will you?"

"Not at all. In fact, I think that the more sensible plan can be put up in the end and left to cook itself. When you take it out it's

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# W. H. MILLER LUMBER CO.

213 EAST SIXTH STREET

We want your trade. We have the most convenient location, the largest and best stock and better bargains than any other yard in the city.



BOTH WOMEN TOOK A TUMBLE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM!

that the howl that would have followed would have been heard half a mile away.

Still no carpet-beater. Mrs. Bowser went to the telephone and called up his boss, but it was with a soft, low voice and a "please" to it. The result was that she was told she must wait another week or two. Lands alive, but if Bowser had been there at that phone! That darky T would have come up on the wire, and his face would have looked as white as snow when he landed.

The man engaged to put down the carpet didn't show up. Mrs. Bowser goes to the telephone to ask "please" again. She was informed that he had gone to Niagara Falls on his wedding trip. If I had been there! If Bowser had only been there!

Mrs. Bowser and the cook sojourned themselves by starting in to take up the front stairs carpet. I have taken a stair carpet by the upper end and ripped it off the stairs in sixty seconds but Mrs. Bowser thought she knew a better way. The result was that both women took a tumble from top to bottom, and one of the cook's feet struck the hat-rack and broke two of the pegs short off, while Mrs. Bowser had a front tooth knocked out.

I purposely delayed getting home that evening until an hour beyond the usual time. Then it was to find the house a barracks, and both women in bed with camphor bottles to their noses. Did I grin and sneer and chuckle and say I was glad of it? Not any. I kissed Mrs. Bowser, pitied the cook, and said that I would have the house all settled by noon, next day. And I did have, and that's the sort of a man who signs himself.

SAMUEL BOWSER.

Champion House-Cleaner of the Universe.—(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

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While waiting for the colored man to come to beat the carpets Mrs. Bowser and the cook started in to move the dining room sideboard ten feet. Had I been there that piece of furniture would have gone a-kiting with a whoop. As it was, the pair managed to tip it over and break thirty dollars' worth of glassware and crockery.

They then tackled the big brass bed in the spare room. There wasn't the slightest reason why it should be moved, but if I had had my say it would have come down as lightly as a feather and within two minutes. I dote upon taking down bedsteads, as it was the head-piece fell on Mrs. Bowser and the foot-piece on the cook, and when they recovered consciousness spring had advanced by twenty rods. I do not smile as I write of the calamity. Very interesting. I laid there and talked in six different languages, while poor Mrs. Bowser could only talk in one.

When noon came the colored carpet-beater had not yet appeared. Had I been there the carpets would have been ready at 10 o'clock. While waiting for him Mrs. Bowser and the cook decided to move the dresser out of my room and kill a few moths nesting behind it. Lord, but how I do love to move dressers! I take them by the scruff and slack and away they go like a boy on roller skates. Mrs. Bowser and the cook weren't two minutes standing the dresser on its head and smashing the glass and wrenching the drawers. Had I done

that the howl that would have followed would have been heard half a mile away.

Still no carpet-beater. Mrs. Bowser went to the telephone and called up his boss, but it was with a soft, low voice and a "please" to it. The result was that she was told she must wait another week or two. Lands alive, but if Bowser had been there at that phone! That darky T would have come up on the wire, and his face would have looked as white as snow when he landed.

The man engaged to put down the carpet didn't show up. Mrs. Bowser goes to the telephone to ask "please" again. She was informed that he had gone to Niagara Falls on his wedding trip. If I had been there! If Bowser had only been there!

Mrs. Bowser and the cook sojourned themselves by starting in to take up the front stairs carpet. I have taken a stair carpet by the upper end and ripped it off the stairs in sixty seconds but Mrs. Bowser thought she knew a better way. The result was that both women took a tumble from top to bottom, and one of the cook's feet struck the hat-rack and broke two of the pegs short off, while Mrs. Bowser had a front tooth knocked out.

I purposely delayed getting home that evening until an hour beyond the usual time. Then it was to find the house a barracks, and both women in bed with camphor bottles to their noses. Did I grin and sneer and chuckle and say I was glad of it? Not any. I kissed Mrs. Bowser, pitied the cook, and said that I would have the house all settled by noon, next day. And I did have, and that's the sort of a man who signs himself.

SAMUEL BOWSER.

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